DC COMICS™

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SEELEY
KING
MOONEY
COX

THE NEW 52!

GRAYSON™

RATED T TEEN

APR 2015

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<I DON'T SEE ANYTHING. PERHAPS THE SAUDIS' EQUIPMENT IS TOO SENSITIVE AND WE ARE WAITING AT THE BORDER FOR A PELICAN.>*

*TRANSLATED FROM ARABIC.

<EH, WHATEVER KEEPS THE BOSSES OFF OUR BACKS--WAIT... MY RADAR IS ACTING UP.>

<MINE TOO. THE DIGITAL READOUT IS BLURRED... ALMOST LIKE-->

<--A SPIRAL?>

MATRON. YOU'VE JUST ENTERED JORDANIAN AIRSPACE--

YES, **DIRECTOR MINOS,** AS EVIDENCED BY THE ROYAL AIRFORCE PILOTS OUTSIDE MY WINDOW WHO WON'T REMEMBER THAT I JUST BLEW BY THEM AT THREE HUNDRED KNOTS.

SIN BY SILENCE

WRITER / TIM SEELEY PLOT BY TIM SEELEY & TOM KING ARTIST / STEPHEN MOONEY COLORIST / JEROMY COX LETTERER / CARLOS M. MANGUAL
COVER / MIKEL JANÍN HARLEY QUINN MONTH VARIANT COVER / DAN PANOSIAN ASSISTANT EDITOR / MATT HUMPHREYS EDITOR / MARK DOYLE

WELL, NO NEED TO GET SNIPPY.

YOU'LL HAVE TO FORGIVE ME, SIR.

I'VE BEEN FLYING FOR HOURS AFTER FIGHTING A ZOMBIE WHALE, AND DISCOVERING THAT THE FIST OF CAIN INTENDS TO UNLEASH A "***MADNESS-BOMB***" IN TEL-AVIV.

NOT TO MENTION THAT MY PARTNER MYSTERIOUSLY DISAPPEARED. TAKEN TOGETHER, THESE EVENTS MAY HAVE AFFECTED MY USUALLY PLEASANT DEMEANOR.

OF HIGHEST IMPORTANCE IS THAT YOU RETRIEVE THE BRAIN FROM THE ***FIST OF CAIN*** AND KEEP IT OUT OF THE HANDS OF THE ISRAELI MILITARY.

AND SINCE THE ISRAELI POLICE FORCE IS A WING OF ITS MILITARY, I'M SURE YOU UNDERSTAND THE IMPORTANCE OF NOT INVOLVING THE AUTHORITIES.

BUT REST ASSURED THAT DRS. NETZ AND ASHEMORE ARE SEARCHING FOR YOUNG AGENT 37 NOW.

MY ***NANOTRACKERS*** ARE STATE-OF-THE-ART. WE WILL FIND THEM, CLINGING TO YOUNG HERR GRAYSON'S BEAUTIFULLY SCULPTED BODY, WHETHER HE IS ALIVE OR DEAD.

DICK GRAYSON IS **NOT** DEAD. IF HE IS, I WILL **KILL** HIM.

SORRY TO INTERRUPT. THE NANOTRACKERS AREN'T SHOWING. PERHAPS THEY ARE DEACTIVATED, BLOCKED OR OUT OF RANGE.

BUT IT LOOKS LIKE AGENT 37'S HYPNOS IMPLANT IS ONLINE.

Ah, I HARDLY EVER REGRET GIVING YOU ASYLUM, DR. ASHEMORE.

WELL, I'M NOT GETTING ANY ***COORDINATES*** BUT I DO HAVE ACCESS TO THE MEMORY AND VISUAL FILES...

GIVE ME A FULL DOWNLOAD OF THE LAST FIVE MINUTES OF ***HYPNOS RECORDINGS.*** I WANT TO KNOW WHAT DICK SEES.

YOU DO KNOW THAT IT'S QUITE DANGEROUS TO THE NEURAL NETWORK ESPECIALLY WHILE OPERATING HEAVY MACHINERY--

NOW, DR. ASHEMORE.

DOWNLOAD COMPLETE.

Hmh. I SEE A-- A LONG HALLWAY. GREEN LIGHTS. BLACK WALLS. METALLIC SURFACE. ORGANIC SHAPES.

"AND THERE. BEHIND A WINDOW. IN ANOTHER ROOM. IT'S AGENT 37. HE'S HURT. BUT HE'S ALIVE.

"AND HE'S PISSED OFF.

"HE'S A **PRISONER.** TRAPPED BEHIND GLASS FOR OBSERVATION LIKE... LIKE AN ANIMAL.

"SOMEONE...SOMEONE ELSE IS USING AGENT 37'S HYPNOS IMPLANT. I SEE HIS HAND...I SEE--

"MIDNIGHTER."

DR. ASHEMORE. I NEED YOU TO PINPOINT ALL THE VISUAL INFORMATION I INTERROGATED FROM SUBJECT: **MACABRE.**

AND THEN I NEED YOU TO UPLOAD IT FROM ME TO AGENT 37'S HYPNOS IMPLANT.

SIR, MIDNIGHTER IS AN ENEMY AGENT--

WHO WORKED WITH MATRON AND AGENT 37 IN THE ***EMPTY QUARTER.*** HE IS AN ANGRY, BRUTAL, AND RESENTFUL MAN...BUT HE IS ALSO A MAN OF DUTY. DO IT.

THE **FIST OF CAIN** INTENDS TO PROVE PEACE IS IMPOSSIBLE BY STOMPING UPON ITS FACE WHILE THE WORLD WATCHES.

IF MATRON CAN'T STOP THEM, MIDNIGHTER MAY BE TEL-AVIV'S BEST HOPE.

"HE MAY BE DICK GRAYSON'S ***ONLY*** HOPE."

THEY'RE GOING TO MAKE GOOD PEOPLE KILL EACH OTHER, MAN! YOU HAVE TO LISTEN TO ME!

HE CAN'T HEAR YOU.

DAMN IT!

AND EVEN IF HE COULD, HE WOULDN'T BELIEVE YOU. TO HIM, I REPRESENT CARE AND AFFECTION. EFFECTIVELY, I AM HIS ADOPTIVE MOTHER. HE LOVES ME AS I LOVE HIM.

WHILE YOU, DICK GRAYSON, REPRESENT LIES AND TREACHERY. THE LOSS OF IDEALS. THE DESIRE FOR POWER AT THE COST OF INNOCENCE.

HE WILL **NEVER** SEE WHAT YOU WANT HIM TO SEE.

Hunh.

CRAP. I NEED TO TAKE THIS DAMN IMPLANT OUT.

RABIN SQUARE.
TEL-AVIV, ISRAEL.

SIN BY SILENCE

ONE FALAFEL, PLEASE. WITH THAT WONDERFUL MANGO SAUCE. EXTRA.

A MAN OF GOOD TASTE. YOU HAVE COME FOR THIS PEACE RALLY, A WORLD-FAMOUS BAND, AND MOST IMPORTANT, MY BROTHER'S COOKING. THAT WILL BE FOURTEEN SHEKELS.

YES. HERE.

SIR! THAT IS NOT ENOUGH! YOU ARE SHORT!

STOP YELLING! I'M SURE IT'S JUST A ***MISTAKE.*** I'LL GO GET HIM.

WHAT DID HE LOOK LIKE?

HE WAS A... MAN? I THINK... I--I DON'T KNOW.

WE'RE TRACKING YOU IN TEL-AVIV NOW, MATRON, IF INDEED YOUR HYPNOS IMPLANT ISN'T IN SOMEONE'S ELSE'S HEAD.

I'M HERE, MR. MINOS. STOWING THE *SPYRALCOPTER* NOW.

ACTIVATE *DISSIMILATION MODE.*

SHN

ALL RIGHT. I'M READY.

AS IS DR. ASHEMORE, THOUGH SHE ASSURES ME THAT AFTER SUCH A RECENT NEURAL ASSIMILATION, *POST-MENTAL INTEGRATION TRAUMA AND THE ASSOCIATED EMOTIONAL DELUGE* WILL BE QUITE PAINFUL.

AND I'M SURE SHE'S DELIGHTED.

TRANSI

SIGNAL

OH, I BLOODY AM.

HYPNOS INTERROGATION UPLINK INITIATED.

*Hngh. Guh...*THE HATE...THE RAGE...

...HELLO, OLD FRIENDS.

GONNA SUCK THAT IMPLANT RIGHT OUTTA MY HEAD

GONNA TRACK DOWN SPYRAL AND FILL 'EM WITH--

--GHUH!

YOU WASTE OXYGEN, DICK GRAYSON. MY MIND HAS BEEN MADE UP.

EVEN GOD HAD TO UNLEASH THE FLOOD TO COMBAT SIN.

THE TEL-AVIV INCIDENT AND THE RESULTING MEDIA COVERAGE WILL SERVE AS AN ***EXAMPLE*** TO ALL OF HUMANITY.

IT WILL HELP END THE ARTIFICIAL SUPERHUMAN ARMS RACE I HAVE FOUGHT TO CONTAIN THESE PAST YEARS.

LISTEN TO ME, GARDENER.

Ungh. Fuh. FIST OF CAIN. TEL-AVIV. THOUSANDS...

...DOOR, GARDENER. I'M GOING TO TEL-AVIV.

DOOR.

DOOR! NOW!

WHEN MY PARENTS DIED, I THOUGHT THAT WAS THE END FOR ME. I WAS ***FREEFALLING.*** I THOUGHT THAT I WAS GOING TO FALL AND FALL UNTIL I HIT THE GROUND.

GARDENER! YOU HAVE TO LET ME GO! I SAW THINGS. FELT THINGS. THE FIST OF CAIN. SO MUCH HATE. MURDER IN THE THOUSANDS.

I THINK GRAYSON'S TELLING THE ***TRUTH!*** DO YOU HEAR ME?!

BUT SOMEONE CAME TO MY RESCUE. HE CAUGHT ME BEFORE I HIT THE GROUND. HE WAS MY *NET.*

HE TAUGHT ME TO FOCUS MY ANGER. TO STOP MYSELF FROM HATING THE WORLD. FROM BLAMING EVERYONE FOR THE EVIL OF A FEW.

AND THEN, I REALIZED HOW *LUCKY* I WAS. I REALIZED I HAD TO PAY IT BACK. I OWED IT TO OTHER PEOPLE TO BE THEIR NET.

I HAD TO DEDICATE MY LIFE TO BEING THERE TO CATCH ANYONE WHO NEEDED IT.

I SAW THAT ROOM, GARDENER. I SAW ALL OF THE VICTIMS YOU SAVED AND OFFERED REFUGE. I KNOW YOU'RE NOT A COLD, HEARTLESS MACHINE. YOU'RE NOT THE WEAPON THEY MADE YOU TO BE. I KNOW YOU HAVE *COMPASSION.*

"BECAUSE YOU'RE A NET. LIKE THE MAN WHO CAUGHT ME. AND LIKE HIM, YOU'RE ANGRY FOR THEM."

GARDENER. DON'T...MAKE ME FIGHT YOU. PLEASE.

BUT YOU CAN FOCUS YOUR ANGER LIKE I HAD TO. YOU CAN STOP HATING THE WORLD.

YOU CAN STOP YOURSELF FROM BLAMING EVERYONE FOR THE EVIL OF A FEW.

"YOU CAN LET ME GO TO TEL-AVIV AND *STOP* THE FIST OF CAIN."

THE WAR MACHINE FUELED BY THEIR LOVE OF BLACK OIL

SIN BY SILENCE

SIN BY SILENCE

Hngh. MY HEAD.

GET THE HELL OUT OF MY WAY YOU DAMN HIPSTERS!

WHILE THE HOLIDAY OF THE RICH IS THE POOR MAN'S TOIL

AND STILL I SAY

I WILL STAND DOWN NO MORE FOREVER!

THIS AWFUL MUSIC ISN'T HELPING...

WHOOO!

I LOVE YOU, CLUTCH!

THANK YOU, TEL-AVIV! NOW, YOU KNOW WHO WE ARE. MY NAME IS *CLUTCH*, AND THIS GROUP OF HANDSOME FELLOWS IS *SIN BY SILENCE.*

AND YOU KNOW I WEAR THESE *WHITE GLOVES* AS A SYMBOL OF MY WISH TO GIVE PEACE TO THE WORLD WITH OPEN HANDS.

BUT I WANT YOU TO ANSWER A QUESTION, TEL-AVIV. *WHO* ARE YOU?

WHAT DO YOU HOLD INSIDE? IS IT *LOVE?* IS THAT WHAT YOU BELIEVE?

CAIN

I BELIEVE, MY FRIENDS, THERE IS ONLY ONE WAY TO GIVE TRUE PEACE TO THE WORLD.

WE HAVE TO ACKNOWLEDGE THAT WE HAVE GROWN BLOATED. SICK. WEAK. WE ARE FULL OF A CANCER BORN OF DISTRUST FOR OUR NEIGHBORS.

OH GOD. THEY'RE FIST OF CAIN.

A KNOWLEDGE THAT WE HAVE DOOMED THIS PLANET WITH OUR SWOLLEN NUMBERS.

WHAT IS INSIDE YOU? I KNOW, TEL-AVIV.

MOVE! I NEED A CLEAR SHOT!

THE SAME THING THAT IS INSIDE ALL OF HUMANITY. HATE. CRUELTY.

<CLUTCH WENT FULL BLACK METAL.>

MURDER.

<DUDE. WHAT THE HELL IS HE TALKING ABOUT?>

<I THINK IT'S A JOKE. RIGHT? A JOKE?>

Hngh!

MATRON! THIS IS DR. ASHEMORE! YOUR HYPNOS IS WORKING OVERTIME! ARE YOU UNDER PSYCHIC ATTACK?

<YOU...YOU ARE A PALESTINIAN SYMPATHIZER!>
<I WON'T LET YOU HURT MY FAMILY!>
Y-YES. EMPATHIC EMOTIONAL B-BARRAGE. THE PARAGON BRAIN. AUGMENTING *FEAR* AND *DISTRUST* IN THE CROWD.
<WHAT?! WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU?!>
K-KILL. HAVE TO... PROTECT...
IF I CAN KILL THE HOST--
CRNCH
SVNNN
<YOU'VE ALWAYS WANTED MY WIFE!>
<CLUTCH IS RIGHT. THE ONLY PEACE... IS DEATH.>
DAMN. MAYBE GARDENER CAN GET US CLOSER TO THE STAGE SO I CAN TEAR THAT LITTLE CREEP'S VOCAL CORDS OUT?
AND RISK HER CHANGING HER MIND? NO. WE DO THIS NOW.
AND WE DO IT WITHOUT KILLING ANYONE.
DON'T GIVE ME ORD--
->SIGH<-
MY ENHANCEMENTS SHOULD HOLD UP AGAINST A PSYCHIC ATTACK...AT LEAST FOR A WHILE.
GOOD. NO TIME TO ARGUE. YOU'RE ON CROWD DUTY.
CONSTRAIN AND PROTECT. KEEP THEM FROM HURTING EACH OTHER.
THE BRAIN IS *MINE.*

IT'S GOOD TO GET TO KNOW YOU. THE *REAL* YOU. ANIMALS. BACKED INTO A CORNER.

SO. MANY. POINTS.

AW, MAN. I TOTALLY HAVE THAT SONG "STAND DOWN NO MORE" ON MY WORKOUT PLAYLIST.

<KILL!>

HATE YOU.

-SIGH- YOU GUYS KNOW ANY GOOD GYM TUNES NOT BY EVIL SADISTS I COULD REPLACE IT WITH?

MATRON.

HEY YOU. THE LINE FOR THE BEER TENT IS A BEAST, *huh?*

AGENT 37. DICK. YOU--

--ABANDONED ME! I *HATE* YOU! KILL YOU!

WHOA!

NOT YOU, TOO!

Unh. I CAN FEEL IT. IN MY MIND. ALL THE RAGE. IT'S WORSE WHEN I'M CLOSER.

I'M TOO ***ANGRY***, DICK. I HAVE TOO MUCH HATE. I'VE KILLED. AND I'LL DO IT AGAIN.

I CAN'T...I'M TOO WEAK EVEN WITH THE HYPNOS TO GET ANYWHERE NEAR THE PARAGON BRAIN.

BUT YOU, DICK GRAYSON. YOU HAVE NO HATE. YOU WOULD ***NEVER*** TAKE A LIFE. EVERYTHING YOU DO...IT'S...

THERE. THAT CLEARED MY MIND A LITTLE. ENOUGH FOR NOW AT LEAST. I'M OKAY.

I'LL STAY ON THE EDGE. I'LL DISARM AND DISSUADE. YOU---

YEAH. I'LL KEEP THINKING...CLEAN THOUGHTS.

IT WAS MOTHER'S RECIPE! SHE GAVE IT TO BOTH OF US!

I WANT IT ALL FOR MYSELF--!

I'VE FOUGHT ALIENS AND GODS AND DEMONS.

Hnh.

BUT THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I'VE FOUGHT A *FALAFEL CHEF.*

Hm. GOOD WEIGHT. GOOD HEFT.

SORRY, DICKIE. EVEN WITHOUT THE SOUNDTRACK TO *FRIDAY THE 13TH* SCREAMING IN MY HEAD...

"...IT'D BE TOO HARD TO RESIST."

NO. KILLING.

KNOCKING HIGHFALUTIN LEAD SINGERS OFF THEIR PEDESTAL, THOUGH? *A-OKAY.*

TAK

YOU KNOW WHAT GETS ME THE MOST? YOU GUYS RECORDED THE BALLAD "MORNING BREATH (IS JUST FINE BY ME)".

Ghk!

I *ROLLER-SKATED* TO THAT SONG WITH MY FAVORITE REDHEAD WHEN I WAS A TEENAGER.

NOW IT'S TOTALLY RUINED.

I'M GUTTED. BUT I'LL GIVE YOU ONE THING.

YOU GUYS ARE STILL PRETTY GOOD FOR A WORK-OUT.

<THE OLD USED IT ALL. NONE LEFT FOR THE YOUNG. HATE YOU.>

LEAVE HIM ALONE.

SIR. ARE YOU OKAY?

OKAY? YES, MY DEAR. I'M OKAY. I'M MORE THAN OKAY.

I AM *ECSTATIC.* I HAVE LIVED TO SEE MY DREAM CARRIED ON BY THE NEXT GENERATION.

I HAVE LIVED TO SEE BRAVE AND UNSENTIMENTAL MEN AND WOMEN UNDERSTAND MY WORDS, AND RAISE THE *FIST OF CAIN* TO DO WHAT MUST BE DONE.

F-FLEISCHER--

PAK

DIRECTOR MINOS?

Hnh. S-STILL CHOCK-FULL OF HATE, *huh?*

I--I CAN FEEL YOU. WHISPERING TO ME. TELLING ME IT'S ***OKAY*** TO ABANDON MY CODE...

...TO LET GO OF MY ***HUMANITY.***

"TO ***FEAR.***

"TO H-HURT.

"TO...K-KILL.

"I WAS ABOUT TO SMASH THE BRAIN ON THE STAGE. I ***HATED*** IT. HATED WHAT IT HAD DONE, WHAT IT REPRESENTED. I JUST WANTED TO SEE IT IN LITTLE TINY BITS.

"BUT THEN I REALIZED I'D BE ***FEEDING*** THE EMOTIONS THE FIST WANTED TO UNLEASH HERE.

"I KNEW THAT THE PEOPLE WHO'D BEEN INFLUENCED BY ITS EMPATHIC ATTACK WOULDN'T STOP IF I FED IT ***MORE*** VIOLENCE."

ST. HADRIAN'S FINISHING SCHOOL.
ENGLAND.

SO I DIDN'T DASH IT TO CHUNKS ON THE STAGE LIKE A GUITAR. I STOPPED. AND I THOUGHT ABOUT EVERYTHING I HAVE. MY *FAMILY.* MY NET.

10:54

AND I *CHANGED* ITS MIND.

I'LL JUST REMIND YOU, BIRDWATCHER, I HAVE A REPUTATION TO UPHOLD. AND IF I GET *SENTIMENTAL,* I RUN THE RISK OF NO LONGER FRIGHTENING THE SUPERSTITIOUS, COWARDLY LOT.

WE CAN'T HAVE THAT.

MISSION REPORT COMPLETE, *MR. MALONE.* OVER, OUT....

"...AND BACK TO WORK."

AGENT 37! MATRON! WELCOME BACK AFTER A MUCH-DESERVED REST.

TEL-AVIV WAS A COMPLETE SUCCESS! NO CASUALTIES, THE BRAIN WAS RETRIEVED, AND *SIN BY SILENCE* WILL MAKE NO MORE PRETENTIOUS RECORDS.

I ALMOST WISH I COULD HAVE BEEN THERE.

NOW, THERE'S NO REST FOR THE WICKED AND SINCE *LADY GAGA* PROBABLY ISN'T A MEMBER OF THE *FIST OF CAIN,* WE'LL HAVE TO ENTERTAIN OURSELVES WITH *CHECKMATE* AGAIN...

YOU'RE LOOKING GOOD, BERTINELLI. IT'S ALMOST LIKE YOU *DIDN'T* FIGHT KILLER CONCERTGOERS WHILE HAVING YOUR MIND FLAYED BY A CLONED BRAIN.

HOW'S YOUR HEAD?

I HAVE...GAPS IN MY MEMORY, PERHAPS BROUGHT ON BY THE MENTAL ATTACK, OR MAYBE DUE TO THE OVERUSE OF MY HYPNOS IMPLANT.

I HAVE FLASHES. MOMENTS. BUT I AM LEFT WITH AN UNEASY HAZE. IN FACT, I REMEMBER *LITTLE* AFTER YOU ARRIVED ON THE SCENE.

OH? *Uh*-- SO...

...DO YOU REMEMBER PASSIONATELY KISSING ME?

HAHA. FUNNY, GRAYSON.

THE GODGARDEN.

THE EDGE OF SPACE.

PLEASE, MIDNIGHTER! YOU *MUST* UNDERSTAND! I DID IT FOR MY CHILDREN!

I DID IT FOR YOU! I WANTED TO MAKE YOU A BETTER WORLD!

A BETTER WORLD. THAT'S WHAT THEY ALL SAY, DON'T THEY?

ALL THE LEADERS AND THE POLITICIANS. ALL THE MAD SCIENTISTS. ALL THE TWO-FACED BASTARDS. ALL THE SPIES.

I'M NOT LIKE GRAYSON, GARDENER.

"I CAN'T WORK FOR SOMEONE WHOSE AGENDA TRUMPS EVERYTHING ELSE INCLUDING THE LIVES OF INNOCENTS.

"I CAN'T SMILE AND NOD TO ONE FACE KNOWING THERE'S AT LEAST ONE MORE FACE WHERE THAT ONE CAME FROM.

"AND I CAN'T BE SURROUNDED BY LIARS AND MURDERERS WITHOUT *BECOMING ONE* MYSELF."

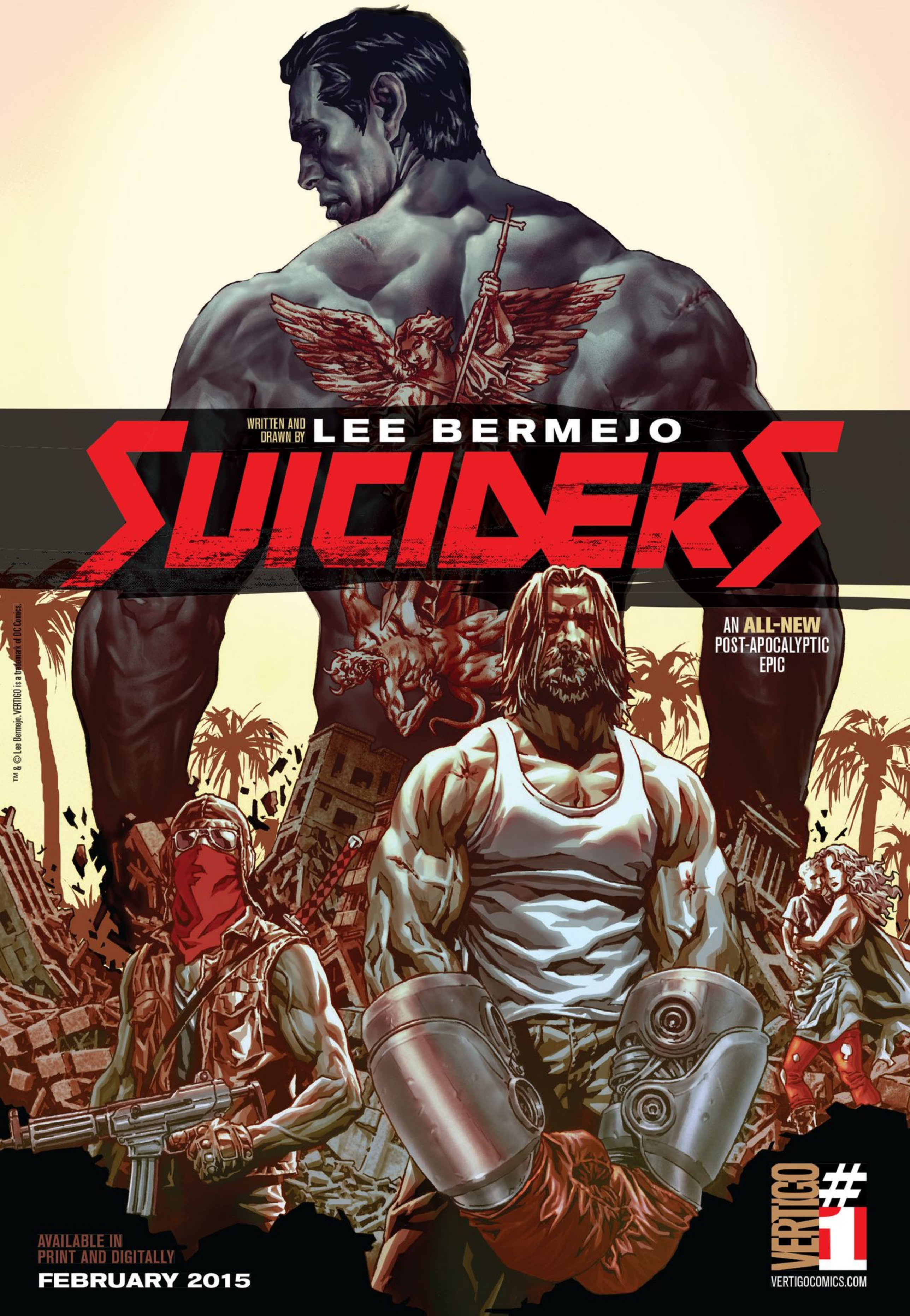
I'M NOT GOING TO DESTROY YOU. NOT TODAY.

BUT, REMEMBER WHAT I DO, GARDENER? I SEE WHAT'S COMING. AND WHAT *ISN'T* COMING?

A BETTER WORLD.

NEXT: CROSS MY HEART AND HOPE TO DIE!

IN NEW ANGELES, KILLING ISN'T A CRIME–IT'S ENTERTAINMENT



WRITTEN AND DRAWN BY **LEE BERMEJO**

SUICIDERS

AN **ALL-NEW** POST-APOCALYPTIC EPIC

AVAILABLE IN PRINT AND DIGITALLY

FEBRUARY 2015

VERTIGO #1

VERTIGOCOMICS.COM

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SPECIAL SNEAK PREVIEW

PRAY, PRAY PRAY, PRAY...

WE PRAY TODAY, TODAY WE PRAY...

PRAY TO THE SAINT, TO THE SAINT WE PRAY...

RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHH!

...THE SAINT OF SUICIDES!

DELIVER US FROM EEEVVIIIIILLLLLLL!

AND THE MOMENT HAS ARRIVED, CARL!

...I MEAN, THOSE WERE DAYS FILLED WITH **DEATH** AND **TERROR.** THE AIR IN THIS PLACE MUST HAVE BEEN HEAVY WITH DESPERATION. DIFFERENT KIND OF CROWD THEN.

LOOK HOW FAR WE'VE COME...

...LOOK AT WHAT **SURVIVAL** CAN CREATE.

HOPE THEY'RE WATCHING OVER THERE, CARL. THINK THEY COULD LEARN A THING OR TWO FROM TONIGHT'S MATCH.

THIS IS MOST CERTAINLY HOW THE PROS DO IT, TOM. NO AMATEUR NIGHT ACTION ON THIS PITCH...

DIE!

LOOKS LIKE REAPER HAD SOME WORK DONE ON THOSE LEGS...DIDN'T HAVE THE SAME POWER IN HIS JUMPS DURING HIS LAST MATCH.

MY GUESS IS SOME GLUTE AND GASTROCNEMIUS IMPLANTS...NOTHING TOO OUT OF THE ORDINARY. STILL, PRETTY IMPRESSIVE HEIGHT...

SHANK

CHOK

KUNK

YOU WERE SAYING SOMETHING ABOUT LEG POWER, TOM?

To be Continued in

SUICIDERS #1

In Stores February 2015

DC COMICS PRESENTS…

[channel 52]

BIZARRO

And now for something completely Bizarre…

Yeah, we've been giving Kal-El a real tough time of it around the Super-offices. In SUPERMAN/WONDER WOMAN we have Magog, and now Circe, taking shots at him. Things are grim in BATMAN/SUPERMAN where someone as crazy as the Joker is wrecking everything connected with the S-symbol. And sure, things are brighter in SUPERMAN with that new power, but for ACTION COMICS #40 in March, we thought maybe it was time to give Mister Kent a break. A vacation. Get him away from it all.

So dream, hoax or imaginary story—you tell us—writer Greg Pak and artist Aaron Kuder send the Man of Steel to the land where the right angle rules.

"Bizarro World is a lot like a planet of FAIL videos," Aaron laughs. "And if that isn't enough for ya, we are also going to give you evil household appliances, a Bizarro Justice League and Superman fighting to SAVE it all!"

So for some chuckles at the expense of continuity, check out ACTION #40, and then we're back to our regularly scheduled doom, destruction and death for Clark Kent!

—**EDDIE BERGANZA**
Me Am Group Editor

ACTION COMICS #40
A sneak peek at one page of layouts for the issue.

IN STORES
MARCH 2015

BATMAN ETERNAL

DC All Access

A lot can happen in a year—especially in Gotham City.

For example, Commissioner James Gordon could inadvertently cause the deaths of over a hundred Gotham City citizens and get sentenced to life in prison for his crimes; Selina Kyle could go from expert cat burglar to the Kingpin of crime in Gotham; Wayne Manor could become the new Arkham Asylum after the latter explodes; and the Dark Knight and his allies could be pushed to the edge trying to figure out the mastermind behind it all.

All this and so much more has indeed already transpired in the pages of the weekly series BATMAN ETERNAL. And as the series builds toward its epic conclusion, there's still much more excitement and mayhem to come.

The stunning conclusion to **BATMAN ETERNAL** hits stores in **APRIL**!

For the better part of a year now, writers Scott Snyder, James Tynion IV, Ray Fawkes, Tim Seeley, and Kyle Higgins have joined with a bevy of artists—including Jason Fabok, Dustin Nguyen, Andrea Mutti, and more—to bring readers an epic than spans the breadth of Gotham City, from its superhero protectors and dedicated citizens and police force to its criminal underground and psychotic supervillains and gangsters. The series does a great job of bringing together all the working pieces of the city, showing how major events impact the people, how the police and media react, and how it all affects both the heroes and criminals. It's a massive tale not only about the people that inhabit Gotham but the city itself—and it's spectacular.

As we mentioned, the finale is on its way, so here's a little bit of a tease: Gotham City in flames! Villains running wild in the streets! And major changes to Batman's relationship with the people and the police!

The stunning conclusion to BATMAN ETERNAL hits stores in April!

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